### E'EN THO' IT BE A CROSS.'

BY N. I. W. "Sweet will my weeping be, Grief surely leading me, Ne rer, my God, to Thee. Nearer to Thee." CHAPTER L

"Papa, you are ill, I know. Do please let me go home with you." And Kath-leen looked up wistfully into her father's

leen looked up wistfully into her father's haggard face.

"Only a little tired, nothing more. I shall be alright to morrow." He tried to speak lightly, but the girl's heart misgave her, and still she pleaded, and his own heart pleaded for her.

Richard Desmond was not an old man although his hair was almost white. Grief and care had aged him early. He was in the flush of his young manbood, eager, ambitious and hopeful, when the trouble came upon him from which he never seemed fally to rally. His young wife, the guiding-star of his youth, was taken from him, and he buried in her grave the best love and the brightest hopes of his life. For a time it seemed the blow that had stricken this dear company of the more reason. the blow that had stricken this dear com-panion from his side had paralyzed his energies and cruehed his spirit beyond hope of zecovery, but by degrees the little child that she had left him crept into his child that she had lete him lepting the heart, and warmed and gladdened his life anew. She became his one all-absorbing care. For her sake, that she absorbing care. For her sare, that she might lack no comfort and no advantage, he thought, and planned, and labored. She was called by her mother's name, and the earliest recollection her memory cherished was of sitting, strained to her father's heart, while he told her of her dead mother, of the Heaven she had gone to, and of how, some day, this earthly exile done, they both should meet her

Nearly six years after his wife died he had married again, a gentle, loving woman, who was a faithful mother to his little Kathleen, but she too died early leaving to his care a second daughter whose lovely, dark face was a tiny copy

of his own.
With unremitting tenderness Richard With unremitting tenderness kickard of the second watched over his little ones. Jealously he shielded them both from the faintest breath of ill, but Kathleen was his idol always; her place in his love no one could dispute, and his heart swelled with fond pride as, day by day, he noted her growing resemblance to her mother, not alone in the beauty of her features and the gentle grace of her manner, but, above all, in the calm strength and tenderness of her nature. Under his own care she commenced her studies, as, later on, her little sister did also, for Mr. Desmond felt strongly that as long as it is at all practicable a child's education should be conducted within the home. All too swiftly the happy, uneventful

All too swiftly the happy, uneventful years of Kathleen's childhood slipped by, bringing at length the time when it be-came apparent to her father that she could no longer be kept from school, and in fulfilment of a promise made to his dying wife, he had brought his little dying wife, he had brought his little daughter to the convent and placed her under the Ssters' care. But he missed her sadly. The home her presence made so bright seemed to him no longer home

without her.

And now he hung over her, caressing And now be nong over her, caressing her bright hair, and solely tempted to yield to her entreaty. June was already alvanced and the long vacation was near, he felt it would be folly to take her home now. He was not ill, he told himself. he felt it would be folly to take her home now. He was not ill, he told himself. But he was strangely weak to-day, and it was only after a hard struggle that he brought himself to say "good-bye." The gong had sounded to summon the pupils to the study hall. One after another the visitors had made their adieux and departed. Kathleen followed her father to the door and watched him sadly as he felt her. Her heart was very heavy he left her. Her heart was very heavy at the thought of his going back alone; he looked so ill and worn. She felt he need-ed her; she should be with him. As he descended the steps he turned and met the blue eyes, humid with tears, bent on him, and she heard him murmur—"Kathhim, and she heard him murmur—"Kath-leen, my lit'e Kathleen!" Then he turned and hurried away as though he dared not look again.

Kathleen went back to her tasks with weight at her heart. That her father had some trouble unknown to her she had long since surmised. Months ago, shortly after the opening of the school term, she had noticed the first appearance of change in him. His eyes began to have a restless, anxious look, and at times he would have fits of gloomy ab-straction, into which he seemed to fall unconsciously. And on each successive visit he had made to her since, and durvisit he had made to her since, and during the week she had spent with him at Curistmeetime, she had noted, with ever-increasing anxiety, this change growing steadily upon him, transforming him by degrees from his old, bright, genial self into a man, moody, harassed, and prematurely old. Times without number Kathleen had been on the point of begging him to confide to her the worry which was telling so grievously on him. But, though in everything else there had always been the most perfect confidence always been the most perfect confidence between them, on this one subject his shrinking from questioning was so evident that she would always refrain for fear of adding to his distress, ever prayin, and hoping that the cause, whatever it was, might be speedily removed. But to-day his appearance and whole manner had aronsed in her fears that would not be oned down. He was ill—really ill.
wan, careworn face that had bent over her, the hungry yearning for her care and the comfort of her presence which had told so plainly in look and manner, hannted her continually. In her anxiety she blamed herself bitterly for not having insisted on going back with him.

Thus she went through the rest of that

day and the next in a state of suspense, which, as time dragged on, grew so op-pressive that a summons to the office of the Superioress, on the third day after her father's visit, came almost as a relief to her, though it boded the confirmation of

t fears, out for you, little Kathleen, Mother Amelie said, as she drew the gir tother heart. "I have just had news—"
"Of my father!" Kathleen broke in in a hoarse whisper. "He is . . he whisper.

"Yes, my child, he is ill."

When Kathleen reached the darkened home she found that already the end was near. The priest with a few friends were gathered about her father's bed. He still lived, but one look at the white, drawn face told plainly, even to her inexperience, that all hope was dead. She knelt by his side, calling him by every loving name and pleading with him to speak to her, but no word came from the set lips nor one gleam of recognition from the dark eyes whose light she had been. Within a few hours of her return he passed quietly away.

quietly away.

In a dazad, dreamy way Kathleen listened while they told her of the last three days' evenis. Her father had rethree days' evenic. Her lather had returned from the city late on the evening of his visit to her, and had retired at once. He felt ill and tired, he said, but refused to allow anything to be done for him, assuring the old housekeeper that a good night's rest was all he reeded. Next day he went about his duties as penal seeming, however, very much deusual, seeming, however, very much de-pressed. In the evening he had exampressed. In the evening he had examined little Evelyn's work and heard her recite her lessons. When she had put away her books he took her in his arms.

away her books he took her in his arms and said, half-playfully, half sadly: "What will papa do next year? He will be all alone, for little Evelyn must go back to school with Kathlem." Something in his tone or manner seemed to frighten the child for she clung to him crying. Then he had kissed and soothed her promising to bring her with him in a few days when he should go to bring Kathleen home. A sleepless night followed, and in the morning he was too ill to rise. Still he made ing he was too ill to rise. Still he made light of it, and seemed to apprehend no serious consequences, but as the day advanced and he grew steadily worse, the doctor was summoned and, a little later, the priest. Alarmed at last, he begged that Kathleen should be brought to him, and through the hours of delirium which followed, he called incessantly for her, but before she reached his side he had lapsed into unconsciousness.

Poor Kathleen! It was a terrible stroke

But she might not indulge long in selfish grief. With the anguish of her bereavement came inevitably the realization of the responsibility that devolved upon her. With the self-devotion that was haracteristic of her earnest, noble nature, when the first consuming passion of sor-row had spent itself, she bent bravely to the burden she must henceforth bear

Richard Desmond had been very popular, and it was amid demonstrations of a grief more real and universal than even on such sad occasions is usual, that he was borne away to his silent home. It was a fitting funeral day, more dismal than any the little town of V. had known in years. The sky hung low like a pall in years. The sky hung low like a pall above the dripping earth, and the wind chanted a requiem for the soul that was

#### CHAPTER II.

On the evening of the day that followed her father's funeral Father Selwyn and Dr Morloy came to Kathleen with a kindly offer of assistance in settling his affairs and arranging for the future of his orphaned children. She accepted gratefully and accompanied them at once to the room which her father had called

Even had it been feasible it would not have been possible to have kept anything from her. She was quick and intelligent, and insisted on seeing into and understanding the real state of her father's business. It was found to be a miserable complication which would take time to unrayel and set in order, but from the chaos one fact stood out clear—when at length a settlement could be effected everything would be swept away. Kath-leen and her little sister would be penni-

less and homeless.

As the girl listened and understood something of the record of ruin, there was no shadow of reproach, but rather a great yearning pity in her heart as she realized how heavy was the burden her father had

borne.

It was late when at last the mass of books and papers were gathered up and replaced in the desk. The two men looked at each other and then sadly at Kathleen. She seemed such a child as she stood there, worn with watching and corrow, so unfitted to grapple with the sorrow, so unfitted to grapple with the rude cares of life. Dr. Morley stooped down and laid the tired head against his shoulder.

"My dear," he said kindly, "don't hink any more to-night. Mrs. Mason think any more to night. Mrs. Mason will make you a cup of tea, and then go to bed and sleep, for you are very tired. You must not worry, but trust us. We shall see that everything is done for the best." Her lips quivered and heavy tears rolled over her face.

But when she was alone again instead of seeking rest or refreshment, she re-turned to the study and seated herself at Her head ached and her brain desk. whirled as she strove to bring ho nerself the full import of this new misfor

Her father had centred such proud and far reaching hopes in this fair young daughter of his. His pride in her and the love for him that stimulated her to strain every nerve in the effort to gratify it, had spurred her on till she, too, had come to dream ambitious dreams of the future and its brilliant achievements. All these bright hopes had grown up with her till they seemed to have become a part of her life and indispensable to it. And now what was this that had come And now what was this that had come upon her and threatened to blast the fair prospect forever? No, it could not—it should not be! She sprang up and paced the floor excitedly. There was a rap at the door, but she gave no heed. Presently the door opened and the house-keeper entered "Miss Kathleen," she said anxiously. Kathleen turned, and with a parallalee that rate fregience, here with a petulance that was foreign to her, begged to be left alone. Then she strove to regain her self con-

trol, and proceeded to lay her plans for trol, and proceeded to lay her plans for the future. There was a small sum as-sure to her from her mother. It was not much, but with strict economy it might suffice her to go on with her studies until she should be enabled, by her own efforts, to push herself forward towards the ac-complishment of her ambitions projects. Ah, life should be henceforth no idle revery to her! But she was young and willing and shrank not from the drudgery "Yes, my child, he is ill."

"Oh, Mother, don't keep anything back! Tell me . . . tell me . . . tell me . . . the is not . . . not dead?" and in an agony of terror Kathleen searched the kind eyes, so full of pity and pain.

"No, dear, no. But he is ill—very ill, I am afraid;" Mother Amelie said as she

placed the telegram in the girl's trembling hand.

When Kathleen reached the darkened home she found that already the end was near. The priest with a few friends were gathered about her father's bed. He still lived, but one look at the white, design fear told plainly agent to her ince told plainly agent to her ince told.

there is no appeal.
Poor little stricken child! Was it strange Poor little stricken child! Was itstrange that she should stumble amid these mzzs to which her feet were all unused? And she was no vain dreamer either. With a prodigality that is unusual, nature had lavished her best gifts upon her. The consciousness of the power within her amply justified the aspirations that it was so hard to relinquish. She was so young, so confident. All the voices of her heart pleaded to be heard, and how could she, of her own unfaltering will, hush them integligence for the stranger of the strange

pleaded to be heard, and how could she, of her own unfaltering will, hush them into stlence forever?

Now that her mind was made up, a feverish impatience possessed her. She longed to enter the fray. All sense of weariness had left her. She wondered, in a dazed fashion, if she could ever sleep again until her work should be done. The thought of the long night of inaction fretted her. Still there was no help for it and to try and sleep was the shortest and easiest way through. So she rose and easiest way through. So she rose and turned out the light. But, as the dark-ness closed around her, she was seized with a sudden nervous dread, and she

hurried, trembling, from the room.
Perhaps it was an instinctive longing to feel some living presence near, perhaps it was her Guardian Augel that led her to the room where her little sister lay asleep. She entered softly. The curtains had not been drawn, and the moonlight filled the room with a soft radiance. Everything was so peaceful here. For a moment the tunnli in Kathleen's soul was stilled. She knelt down beside the bed and gazed at the little sleeper. Evelyn must have been crying, for even yet there were traces of tears on her face. Was it that she missed so much her father's "good-night" kiss? A great tenderness swelled in Kathleen's heart, a yearning to gather the little mourner in her arms and weep with her for the sorrow that had come upon them.

Then came back to her the memory of the room where her little sister lay asleep

Then came back to her the memory Then came back to her the memory of the course she had just mapped out for herself with its inevitable consequences to Evelyn. She saw this little, proud, impetuous creature an outcast, a burden on the charity of strangers, and a wave of remorse surged over her soul. As she saw it now, her late purpose seemed a cowardly repudiation of the sacred duty God had appointed her, a treacherous sacrifice of appointed her, a treacherous sacrifice of this child's welfare to her own selfish inthis child's weifare to her own seinshin-terests. And yet . . and yet what could she do? Once more her heart was tossed in the strife. But this time the victory was hers. Come what might, she would stand by Evelyn. As she knelt there, the silence seeming to throb like a pitying human heart about her, she esaled the grave of all her youthful hopes. The struggle was over now, but its anguish was on her still. She buried her face in the clothes and her form shook with stifled sobs.
" Miss Kathleen."

With a cry that ran through the house, Kathleen sprang to her feet, and stood trembling, her hands clasped over her

heart.
"Don't be afraid, dear," the old house keeper said putting her arms about her, "What's the matter?" asked Evelyn, sit-

"What's the matter?" asked Evelyn, sitting up, and looking in sleepy bewilderment from one to the other.

"Go to sleep, little one; it is nothing. Kathleen didn't see me coming and was startled, that's all," and Mrs. Mason laid the curly head back on the pillow.

"Kiss me, Kathleen."

Kathleen flags, her arms about the

Kathleen flung her arms about the little form and strained it convulsively to her heart. At length Mrs. Mason drew her gently away to her own room and as her gently away to her own room and assisted her to bed, as she had been wont
to do when Kathleen was a little child.
When she would have gone away the
girl clung to her, crying pitifully,

"I didn't mean it, nurse. I could
never have left her alone. I didn't think
at first, and it was so hard to give it up.
But I will. I will for Eve-

Bat I will. . . I will . . for Evelyn." To the poor child, in her over wrought state, it did not occur that Mrs. Mason would not understand. Tenderly the gentle old woman spothed and comforted her, till at length, exhausted, she

CHAPTER III.

The scheme Kathleen unfolded to the friends who interested themselves in her welfare, for the settlement of her own and her little sister's future, was regarded at first as wild and impracticable, but she persisted with such quiet determination, and showed so much forethought and good sense in her calculations, that they were at length constrained to conside her proposal, especially as no better course

Accordingly, as it was arranged that Accordingly, as it was arranged that she should go at once to the city, apply herself to the study of stenography and typewriting, and perfect her knowledge of book-keeping and general office work, preparatory to seeking a position when the season should open. Dr. Morley accompanied her, and through his influence, a position was secured to her as ence, a position was secured to her as soon as she should be qualified to fill it. She would have taken Evelyn with her at once, but the doctor insisted that the little girl should remain in his own family till her sister would be finally settled in her new home. When at length he had com-pleted, as far as lay in his power, every arrangement for Kathleen's comfort and safety, he left her with mingled feelings of admiration for her courage, and sorrow for the unhappy circumstances that had cast her so early adrift on the troubled sea

It was a new and dreary experience to work, sternly denying herself even the luxury of grief. In the Autumn Evelyn joined her, and then in earnest her life work began. Of

then in earnest her life-work began. Of all the old home treasures she had re-tained nothing of value except her mother's harp and the piano which had been her father's last gift to her. These she brought with her and placed in one of the two little rooms of their boarding-house, which the sisters were henceforth to call "home." Byth for reasons of economy, and for the greater security and advantage which she considered it would be to Evelyn to be under her own imme-diate care, Kathleen determined herself to superintend her little sister's studies

In the evenings she attended to her lessons, practised with her, and appointed her the tasks which she required should be done in her absence. It was very dull for the little girl alone in the sileut rooms, and, as in continual occupation lay the best and pleasantest means of getting

through the long hours, she was seldom tempted to lose her time. Thus, under Kathleen's supervision, she made rapid progress. They were fairly settled now in the new routine. The days and weeks followed each other in tiresome monotony. They had an occasional call from Dr. Morley when business brought him to the city. When, as happened at rare intervals, Kathleen was given a brief holiday, she and Evelyn found ever a glad, bright welcome in his family. Even Kathleen, with all her grateful love for these dear friends, never quite realized all their interest meant to her of comfort and of confidence, till that happened which debarred her from its enjoyment. Herbert Morley, the doctor's oldest son, was pursuing a medical course at McGill when Kathleen and her sister came to the city. By right of the long and close friendship between their families, and his father's interest in the orphan girls, the young man assumed a sort of chivalrous guardianship over them. His kindness was never obtrusive but it afforded Kathleen a restful sense of protection and security. At the time of her bereavement and its attendant mis-

protection and security. At the time of her bereavement and its attendant misfortunes, his unspoken sympathy had been very grateful to her. He seemed to understand and appreciate, as no one else could, the full measure of her sacrifice. Day by day he watched her struggling on under her self-imposed burden, chafing under her self-imposed burden, chafing bitterly at his own inability to lighten it and looking forward, with consuming impatience, to the time when it should be his privilege to offer her a haven of rest in his love.

When at length his studies were com-pleted and he had obtained his degree, he came to Kathleen, pleading with her to share his young hopes and, by the infla-ence of her love and constant companionship, to strengthen and help him in the struggle on which he was entering, pray-ing her, by the memory of their child-hood's days, to give him the right to re-lieve her of part, at least, of the weight of care, which it grieved him so sadly to see her hearing alone.

her bearing alone.

Poor Kathleen, she was young to feel that she must stand aside and see L'fe's glorious possibilities and its holiest joys pass her by—nay, that she must put out her own hands and thrust them from her, her own hands and thrust them from her, even while her heart cried aloud in the bitterness of its desolation. But, with a strength of purpose that never faltered, she cast this new temptation from her, and, with a calm patience, unspeakably pathetic, turned her face to the sunless future. He left her, bearing with him, to enhance the grief of his own disappointment, the consciousness that he had raised a barrier between them, and had made her hard lot harder still to bear. Kathleen went her way, now indeed alone.

Kathleen went her way, now indeed alone She never lostsight of her purpose. N effort of hers should be spared to ensure effort of hers should be spared to entitle to Evelyn the opportunities that had been lost to her. The promise that, in her was blighted, should be realized in hersister. Life was agrave reality. The days were too short for the accomplishment of the duties she would have crowded into them. But it was not the warringes of brain and hand that stamped weariness of brain and hand that stamped itself in the pallor of her face and the lines on her brow. Doubt and anxiety weighed more heavily on her than the

fatigue of daily toil.
Impulsive and warm-hearted, Evelyn was, nevertheless, impetuous and wilful, and grew daily more defiant of control. Reand grew daily more centariot control. Kaligion was irksome to her and duty was a word without meaning. The love of music, which had characterized her from childhood, developed with the years into an all-absorbing passion. Apart from her music she seemed to have no soul, Kathlean thought sadly sometimes. Every leen thought sadly sometimes. leen thought sadly sometimes. Every other study, by degrees, lost interest for her, but if there was one more than another neglected, it was always her catechism. If the day was unusually filled and one duty had to be crowded out, had Kathleen permitted, it would invariably have been her prayers.

"Oh, bother, Kathleen," she would say, "What we have deep her prayers.

"Where's the need of having prayers? Why can't we sing a hymn instead?" She went with Kathleen to church, but when the tones of the great organ and the voices of the choir rose and swelled upon the incensed air, her very sonl would harmony. Mechanically she would turn the pages of her prayer-book and rise or kneel with the worshippers, while her face kindled and her eyes beamed like stars. When the music ceased she would come back to the realities of her surroundings with a long-drawn sigh, and for the rest of the time toy with her rosary or any other object that chanced to come under her notice, waiting impatiently for

Kathleen to go.
At times Kathleen tried to reason her fears and misgivings away. Evelyn was only a child. Sense and steadiness would only a child. Sense and steadiness would come with time. A few years under the Sisters' care and associating with others of her own age would certainly work a change in her. Accordingly, Evelyn was sent to the convent, and Kathleen redoubled her exertions to meet the increased expenses. But ever as cares thickened in her path, and she realized the instability of everything human, she clung the more closely to the love that never fades, never fails. Poor child! she had learned bitter lessons in the training-school of life. Alas, that there should be more to learn!

## CHAPTER IV.

It was in the Spring of 1885, the fourth year of Evelyn's convent life, that smallpox became epidemic in Montreal. The heat of the summer months stayed the fury of its ravages, but it lived through them, gathering strength, as the Autumn advanced, for the coming carnage. With the advent of the cold weather it spread pitilessly over the city. These were dark days when the heart sitchened at sound of the runth of the great vans as they rolled It was in the Spring of 1885, the fourth the rumble of the great vans as they rolled through the streets, plying their dreary trade, filling the hospitals and desolating

Kathleen brought her sister home t Kathleen brought ner sister nome to their little rooms, imposing upon her the necessity of keeping strictly within doors during her absence. For once her will was obeyed without questioning, for the young girl seemed to be stricken with an unreasoning terror. Even from Kathleen, when she returned from her work, she would shrink away as though deadly in fection clung to her. Every precaution was observed to guard against the possi bility of contagion, but to no avail. It would almost seem that her own morbid dread of it induced the disease. One day within three weeks of Evelyn's

return from the couvent, coming in as usual at noon, Kathleen found her sister lying on the bed, cowering and shuddering as if from intense cold. She

did what she could to make her comfort did what she could to make her comfortable, then hurried away to find a doctor. When she returned Evelyn was crying and talking incoherently. The symptoms were unmistakable. Kathleen was prepared for the doctor's decision. Later when the black van stopped before the door, she pleaded to be allowed to accompany and nurse her sister, and her request was granted.

For more than three weeks she waited nnweariedly at Evelyn's bedside. At

unweariedly at Evelyn's bedside. At length the patient was pronounced out of danger. Thus relieved from her greatest danger. Thus relieved from her greatest apprehension, Kathleen began to watch anxiously for the disappearance of the disfiguring pocks. In so far fate was kind. Gradually every trace of the unsightly scars sank away, and Evelyn's face took on its own bright beauty again. As her strength returned the girl grew restless, praying always to be taken back to their little rooms. "She would never get better," she said, "till she could go home." She was very irritable, and fretted incessantly very irritable, and fretted incessantly that her head ached so she could not open

her eyes.

As Kathleen heard her heart chilled with an awful fear she dared not name even to herself. Evelyn convalesced rapidly, but steadily as she improved otherwise, the inflamation and soreness otherwise, the inflamation and soreness in her eyes increased, and they grew daily more sensitive to the light. Kathleen shuddered as she was forced to confront the impending calamity. At last she was allowed to have her sister removed. In their own rooms again both seemed happier and more hopeful. The best medical aid was procured, and Evelyn's eyes put under treatment. For the next few days Kathleen watched, praying and trembling, for the result. At length one evening she knelt by the At length one evening she knelt by the bed, assisting the doctor to remove the bandages. As the patient felt the cover-

bandages. As the patient lett coverings loosen and drop from her eyes, she turned towards her sister.

"It is dark;" she said petulantly "Kathleen, why don't you light the gas?
For a moment she looked bewildered, and groped helplessly about her. Then, with a piteous, piercing cry, she flung herself

a piteous, piercing cry, she flung herself face downward, on the pillow. Kathleen clutched the doctor's arm convulsively and drew him from the room. "Quick!" she breathed, "tell me, can nothing be She seemed rather to feel than to hear the answer. She reeled, and every vestige of color died out of her face as all hope faded in her heart. The stroke was in

# vitable: it had fallen, Evelyn was blind! NOVENA TO THE SACRED HEART.

The month of Jane is a good time to increase our devotion, and to augment our ardor as associates of the League. As many of us find it practicable should attend Mass daily, and, if we are not accustomed already to doing so, should take time to say our rosary every day Do not stop at the one de cade. Do not be stingy with the time you devote to the Lord. We give today as a suitable devotion for this time. a short novena to the Sacred Heart which is translated from the French of of S. J. Hallez. Try and make this novens for your intentions, spiritual and temporal, and for those of your friends and associates.

FIRST DAY

The Heart of Jesus considered as a place of retreat and a solitude full of

sweetness. "Com apart into a desert place, and

St. Mark vi, 31. rest a little." " My heart is troubled within me and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Fear and trembling are come upon me, and darkness hath covered me wings like a dove, and I will fly away and be at rest." Psalm 112, 5 7.

Practice.-Peace, humility and silence in order to hear the voice of Jesus

SECOND DAY,

nest of the dove, a place of rest and protection for the soul which desires to reserve itself without spot before the eyes of Jesus Christ.

"I will rejoice under the cover of Try wings. My soul hath stuck close to Thee; Thy right hand hath received me." Psalm 1, xii. 8 9.

"Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." St. Mat-thew, v. S. Practice - Ask of the 'Heart of the

Lamb without spot, purity of mind and heart. In our fatigues, in our pains, in our temptations, let us seek the re fuge of pure souls - the Heart of our Divine Saviour-in the Sacrament of purity and love.

THIRD DAY.

The Heart of Jesus considered as a tower of defence, and as a buckler which protects us against the assaults of our enemies

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength ; the Lord is my firmament my refuge, and my deliverer." Psalm zvii. 1, 2. "They that go from The shall perish ; Thou hast destroyed all them that are disloyal to Thee. is good for me to adhere to my God, to pu; my hope in the Lord God." Psalm xxii. 27. 28

Practice. - Ask of our Lord the par don of our faults, the grace to offend Him no more, sincere sorrow for our sins, gratitude and entire confidence in His power and mercy. The child who remains in the arm of an all-powerful Father cannot perish.

FOURTH DAY. The Heart of Jesus considered as the fountain of living water, springing up into life eternal.

"You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains," Isaias vii 3.
"As the heart panteth after the fourtains of waters, so my soul panteth after Thee O God. " Paalm xli. 142 " With Thee, O Lord, is the fountain of life." Paalm xxxv. 10.

Practice. - Ask of our Lord the gift of humble, filial prayer, full of cour-age and confidence. Say to Him often age and confidence. Say to Him often, with the Samaritan woman and with St. Teresa.
"Lord give me of this water, that it

may purify and enrich my scul."

JUNE 1, 1901.

FIFTH DAY. The Heart of Jesus considered as the throne of mercy, or as an ocean of good. ness, as a fathomless sea without a shore, by which we are surrounded or every side.

Faith tells us that God is infinite and immease. The spostle who reposed upon the breast of Jesus Christ tells us

that " God is Love.' "The Lord is sweet to all. And His tender mercies are over all His works.

Psalm cxliv, 9 "Lord, I abandon all the past to Your mercy ; I commit the future to Your providence, the present and all that I am to Your goodness, to your love alone. Receive me, guide me, and save me.'

Practice. - An entire confidence in the infinite goodness of our Lord, and an abandonment to the guidance of His holy providence. Ask Him that all the designs of His Heart may be accomplished in us without reserve to the end of our day. Be assured that heaven and earth shall pass away before He will fail to protect you while you are His obedient child, or at least are sincerely desirous to obey Him. God is my Father ; He knows all things ; He can do all things : He loves me

SIXTH DAY.

The Heart of Jesus considered as the Balm of Salvation, shed to heal all our wounds

Tne Heart of Jesus, pierced by the lance, poured out even to the last drops the blood which saved us. " He hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood." Apoc. i, 5.
"Thou wast slain, and hast re-

deemed us to God in Thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us to our God a kingdom and priests." Apoc. v.

Practice. - Ask of God, by the tears and the blood which He hath shed for us, the grace to know and tenderly ove His Person and His Adorable Heart. Let us resolve lovingly to words, and the virtues of His most Holy

SEVENTH DAY.

The Heart of Jesus considered as a paradise of delight, a place of peace and shelter, where we find protection against the heat of the day and the fire of our passions.

My people shall sit in the beauty of peace and in the tabernacies of cen-

fidence: in a repose full of abundance." Is xxxii, 18 "My soul trusteth in Thee, O God.

and under the shadow of Thy wings will I hope till iniquity shall pass away." Psalms lvi, 1, 2.

away." Psalms lvi, 1, 2.
Practice — Let us retire often during the day to the feet of our Divine Shepherd, and there abandon ourselves to Him with humility and confidence, and with the fullness of our hearts. EIGHT DAY.

The Heart of Jesus, considered as the school of the Divine Master, of Him Who came to teach us celestial wisdom, and Who has said to us, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls. I bless Thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." "God walks with the humble; He reveals Himself to the simple ; He gives indulgence to the little ones, and open to poor souls all the measures

of his wi dom."-Imitation of Christ. Practice.—Ask of our Lord His spirit and His light, with the virtues which He has particularly taught us, The Heart of Jesus considered as the and which are dearest of His Hearthumility, sweetness and charity

NINTH DAY.

"The Heart of Jesus, considered as the port of salvation, or a Divine asy lum where we may retire from the storms of this life, and where one day we shall repose in eternal peace.
"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts shall never be at rest until they repose in Thee."-St. Augustine. "Lord Jesus, I commit Augustine. "Lord Jesus, I commit to Your hands my soul, my heart and my life." This prayer, taken from the last werds of our Lord upon the cross, is the sweetest and most holy of all ejaculatory prayers. It contains the disposition of heart for all the virtues we should exercise during life,

and the best preparation for death. Practice. - Ask earnestly and every day, of the Lord the gift of persever ce; that having fulfilled all the particular designs of the Heart of Jesus in our lives, we may one day expire in the peace and love of that generous "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me never be confounded. Psalms xxx., 1. 2.

#### SANCTIFIED PLACES. All the sanctity which the birth of

Christ communicated to the stable at Bethlehem, all that His Precious Blood communicated to Calvary, and His Sacred Body to the sepulchre, also in vests our churches; and if when we enter them, and approach the altar, we are not penetrated with the holy aws which fills us when we draw near to the most holy places, if we have not those feelings which cause the loving tears of pilgrims who are so happy a to visit the manger in which our Lord was born, or the mount on which He died, it is because we are wanting either in faith or attention. But we must try to remedy this evil before entering a church by making some reflections on the sanctity of the place which we are entering, and on the majesty of Him who dwells therein. How many people would think themselves very fortunate were it as easy to enter into the palaces of the great and approach their persons as it is easy to enter the churches? And yet DEVOTION TO MARY.

they think nothing of the happiness of being able so easily and at all hours to approach the adorable Persons of Jesus

The following valuable essay on the Catholic devotion to the Blessed Mother of God is translated from the French of the Abbe Ratisbonne, the brother of the celebrated Father Alphonse Ratis-bonne, who was instantaneously con-verted at Rome, in the year 1842, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This translation was made by one of our own contributors, for Our Lady's magazine, the Ave Maria. We have been asked to give it, in extense, to our readers, who will be delighted with so able a presenta tion of the arguments in favor of the doctrine so dear to the Catholic heart coming as it does from one born and reared in the black night of Judaism. Christianity has implanted in the

heart of regenerated man two new affections; the one is the love of our brethren and is called charity ; the other is the love of a mother, the love of Mary; and this other love has no name. It would be impossible to find in any language the word to express the sentiments which the Christian soul cherishes toward the Mother of Jesus Christ. It was during the last hour of redemption, when the most adorable Victim was consummating His sacrifice, that the mutual bonds which forever bind the members of the Church to the Mother of the Man God were formed. These bonds constitute the worship of Mary,—a worship insepar able from the worship of Jesus; because the disciples, having become the members and brothers of the Lord, are by these same titles children of His Mother : and if they are children with Jesus Christ, they share in the senti-ments of Jesus Christ: they love wha Jesus Christ loved ; consequently, they

love Mary. Now, love can not keep silence : i must speak, it must sing ; it must pour itself out-it must give vent to its emo tions, its ardors, and its gratitude The more closely we are united t Jesus Christ, the more do we feel the invincible need of honoring and bless ing His Mother. Most assuredly thos do not possess the spirit of Jesus Chris and do not belong to His family wh feel nothing for Mary. In their eye Christ is divided; He appears but a an abstract divinity, without affinity without any intimate connection wit the children of men grafted on H sacred humanity. It is the maternity of Mary that gives us a complet knowledge of Jesus Christ: she is the living link that connects Him with us By her God became the child of man her man becomes the child of Goo Hence the veneration of Mary, when is deep and intelligent, is the sign the true faith, the condition of spiri ual progress, the channel of praye and of graces, and the secret of the sweetest and most fruitful consol

Nevertheless, the cultus of Mary an the worship of Jesus Christ, thoug they spring from one and the san principle and are indissolubly inte woven in the roots of Christian piet are distinct and fundamentally diffe ent; for the worship of Jesus Christ an adoration which can be rendered God alone: whereas Mary is simply creature, an Immaculate Virgin, t Woman blessed amongst all wome the Mother blessed amongst all mother Her worship is at bottom but the hor age which all the children of men re

der to their mothers. It would be childish to think that rob Jesus Christ of the honors we re der to Mary. We have already st it: these honors differ both character and in meaning; and would be strangely calumniating human heart to think you mainte the dignity of the son by disdaini the titles of his mother. The ser ments of nature, conscience, read and experience, in accord with H Scripture and all tradition, rise against those who reject Mary une pretext of offering their adorations

How is it, O my God! that so ma

God alone.

Christians, redeemed by the blood Jesus Christ, refuse to pay their votions to the Virgin whose heart f nished that adorable blood? How it be that these men, so attached appearance to the letter of Holy Services and the services and the services are large from the contract of the services and the services are large from the services are ture, exclude Mary alone from divine precept which commands all children of men to honor their moth Why do they act thus? They me with a zeal which is not acc ing to knowledge, that the Gospel where prescribes devotion tow Mary ; as if a man needed a comm induce him to love his moth They fear to wound Jesus Christ honoring Mary. But, I repeat it of more, is this fear Christian, is it tural? Is a son ever jealous of glory of his mother? Would J Christ have borne it had His disci manifested indifference and cold toward one whom He cherished I self with most filial tenderness most divine predilection? Will deny our Divine Master, consider merely His humanity, the hrst sentiments—filial love, which He I self deposited in the heart of e human being?

Moreover, it cannot be asserted the Gospel does not authorize the ship of the Holy Virgin. We read the contrary, in the sacred boo both the Old and the New Testal the magnificent testimonies dered to her by angels as as by men, under most stri figures. The Old Testament s her to us in the deference, re with respect and love, manifeste Solomon toward his mother Beths The humble Esther, another figt